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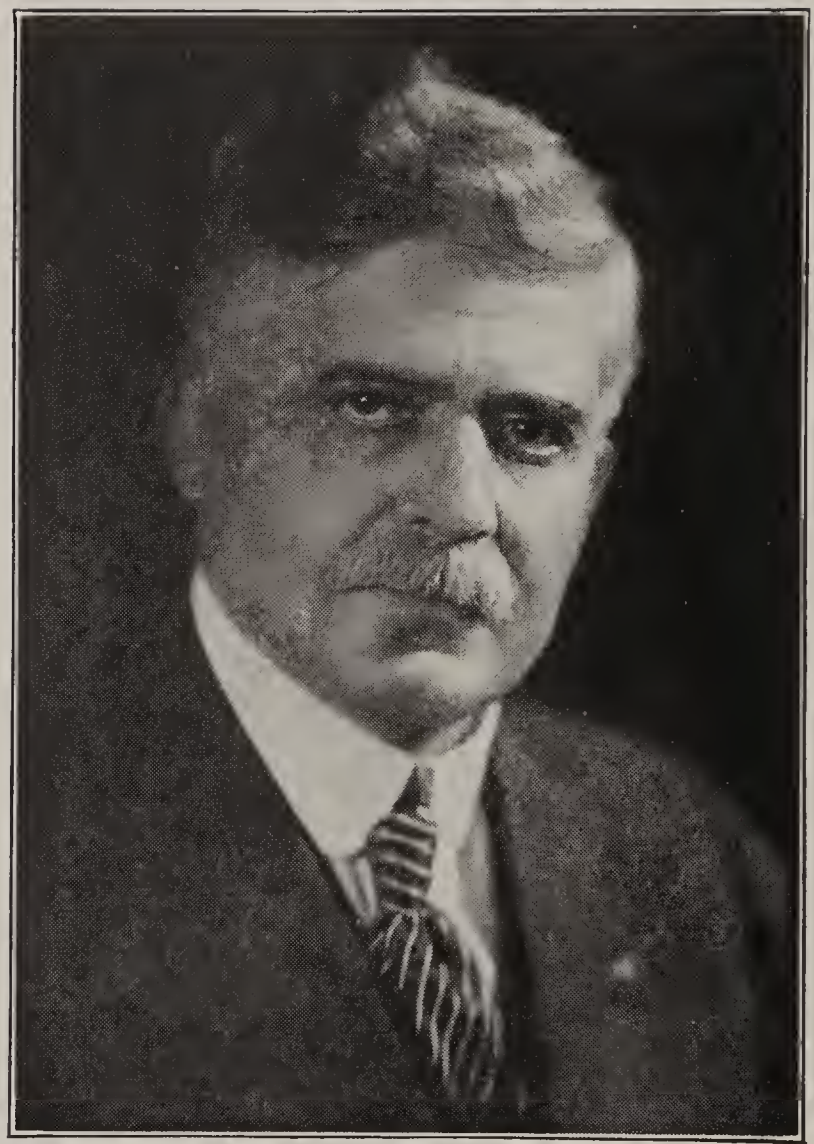
Memorial Poems

HENRY POLK LOWENSTEIN



HENRY POLK LOWENSTEIN

Memorial Poems

—BY—

HENRY POLK LOWENSTEIN

Dedicated to the American Legion
by the Author

SECOND EDITION

Published by
HENRY POLK LOWENSTEIN
Kansas City, Missouri
1921

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Kansas City, Missouri

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THE AUTHOR

He has hoped, joyed and despaired, as all men have done, and in due course will shake off these tatters and take his place with God according to his deeds in the flesh. Selah.

And what is man, whence cometh he, whither goeth he, and what is his destiny?

I know not, but this I know, that somewhere above the mists and clouds, away beyond the stars, in the limitless realm of eternal love, at the Throne of God, man stands revealed in the likeness of his Father and this likeness is the Christ and this Christ is Life and Life is God, and God is All. 1 Cor. 3:16-23.

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Photograph
STRAUSS-PEYTON STUDIO

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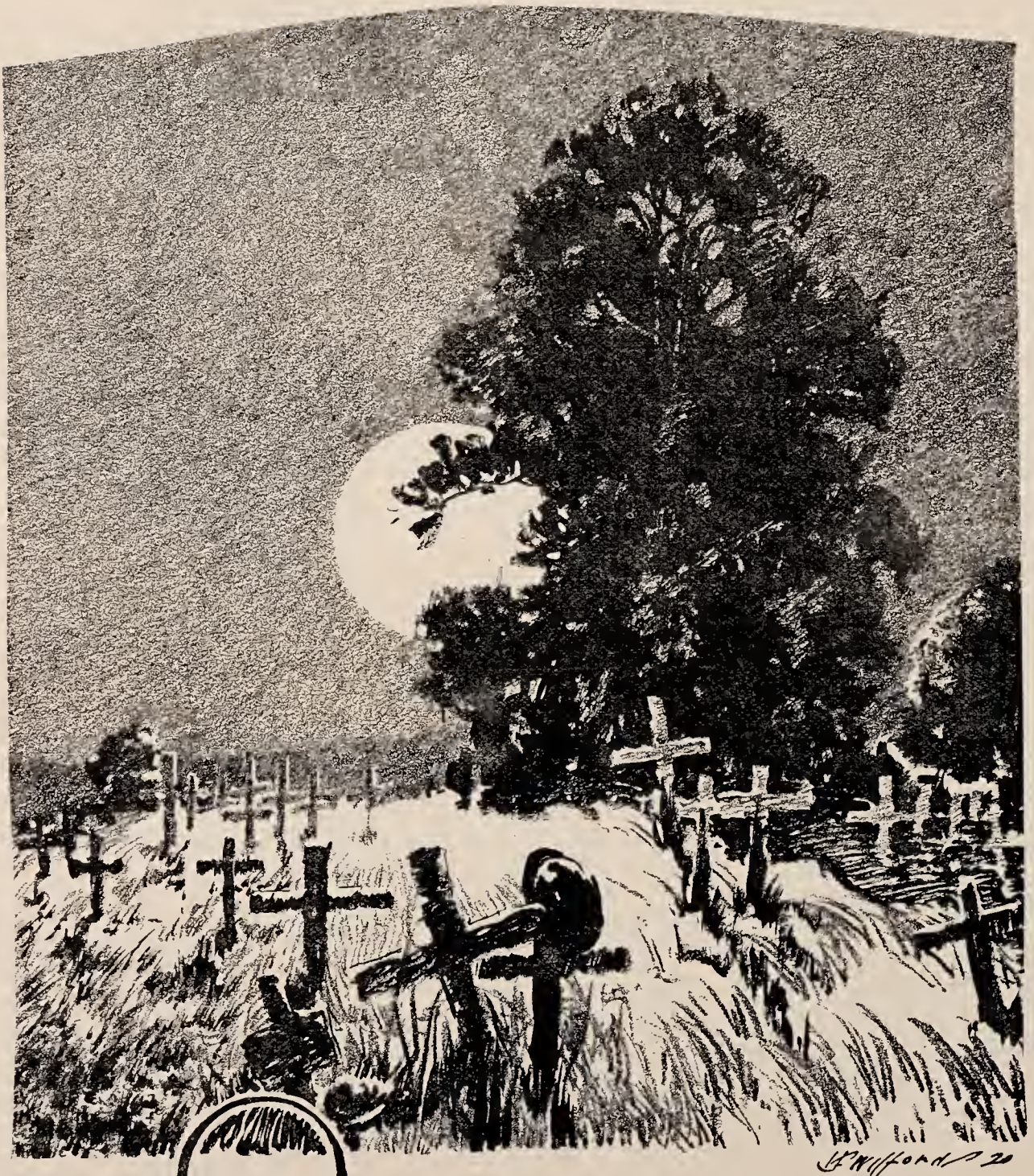

O LET ME SLEEP in FLANDERS FIELDS

O LET ME SLEEP IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders Fields, O let me sleep,
And wake me not and never weep
For me. I rest in perfect peace;
And till all earthly strife shall cease,
I shall in silence slumber deep.

You do me wrong to stir and sweep
Away my fondest hopes and keep
Me from my rest and just release,
In Flanders Fields.

Disturb me not, but let me sleep
Right where I am and never weep
Again, for I shall never cease
To live and make my light increase,
As Time rolls on in silence deep,
In Flanders Fields.

WELCOME TO OUR SOLDIERS

On sunny days, in lilac time,
When earth is green and skies are blue,
When church bells ring their sweetest chime,
And blood runs high and hearts beat true,
Brave soldiers all, we welcome you!

Back home again! What magic words!
Dear mother's love and sweetheart true,
And little hands, and songs of birds,
And apple blossoms peeping thru—
Brave soldiers all, we welcome you!

O, God of Fate! Those left behind,
In Flanders Fields and Argonne Wood,
And Chateau-Thierry, too, the blind,
The lame (those steeped in richest blood),
Lo! let us not forget this day!
Let's bare our heads and kneel and pray!

WELCOME TO OUR SAILORS

O no, we'll not forget the tars,
Who brave the storm and tide,
And bear aloft the Stripes and Stars,
And on the ocean ride.

No braver lads e'er went to sea,
Nor loved their country more;
They strove and fought for liberty,
And guarded well the shore.

On ships of massive steel they sped,
To guard the transports dear,
And when great danger lurked ahead,
Then they were always near.

So here's to the lads of the deep blue sea,
Who never failed us yet;
We'll stand by you through eternity,
And welcome you home, you bet!

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

By LIEUT. COL. JOHN McCRAE

In Flanders Fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
  That mark our place; and in the sky
  The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
  Loved and were loved, and now we lie
    In Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you, from failing hands, we throw
  The torch; be yours to hold it high.
  If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow,
    In Flanders Fields.

From "In Flanders Fields," by Lieut. Col. John McCrae, courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York and London.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

AN ANSWER TO LIEUT. COL. JOHN McCRAE'S
POEM, ENTITLED "IN FLANDERS FIELDS."

Sleep on, brave soldiers, sleep, sleep where the
poppies grow,
Sleep on, brave soldiers, in your places, row on
row.
The lark's still soaring in the sky,
Still bravely singing, soaring high,
Away above the cannon's roar,
Scarce heard amid the guns as yore,
Before you slept in Flanders Fields.

The faith with you we've kept and battled with
the foe;
On crimson fields by you we've slept where pop-
pies blow.
The torch you flung to us we caught;
With blist'ring hands we've bravely fought
To hold it high to guard you thro the Night,
And at the Dawn to guide you to the Light,
When you awake from Flanders Fields.

THE LAST FAREWELL OF JOHN McCRAE

A long farewell to Flanders Field!
I mount! I now no longer feel
The sting of death. I upward soar
And sweetest melodies outpour
To Him, from Him to me revealed.

To gaping wound and broken wheel,
And muddy trench and flashing steel,
And bursting shell and cannon roar,
A long farewell!

To scenes of youth and church-bell peal,
To out-door sports and mother's leal,
And manhood's hope and sunny shore,
And earthly pleasures all no more,
And bleeding hearts that never heal,
A long farewell!

PERSHING'S SWORD

Brave Pershing sailed away across the sea,
To **show** the world the light;
His soldiers bravely fought for liberty,
And bravely died for right.

He drew his mighty sword on crimson field,
To battle with the Hun,
And swore a royal oath to never yield,
Until the field was won.

He broke the long red line of Hindenburg
And routed out the Prince,
And **showed** the stupid Kaiser how absurd
And vain was his defense.

The vanquished Hun no longer plies his rod,
And tame's the Prussian Guard;
The famished world has learned to trust in God,
And Peace is its reward.

But still there's one more battle yet to fight,
And that without a loss;
It is the battle of Eternal Right,
The gold without the dross.

It must be bravely fought with King Abaddon,
With Jesus' stainless sword;
It is the battle great of Armageddon,
The battle of the Lord.

Rev. 9:11; 16:16.

DECORATION DAY

Of all the days in the fleeting year,
The saddest and sweetest and one most dear
To us is Decoration Day,
When we scatter the flowers o'er the blue and the gray,
And honor the khaki, far and near.

With neither malice, hate nor fear,
They marched away 'neath sky so clear,
To make this day the glory-day,
Of all the days.

The widow's sigh, the orphan's tear,
The mother's love, the father's cheer,
And the poppies' blushing heads that sway
'Neath country's flag and sun's hot ray,
Make this the day, where death is peer,
Of all the days.

ON FLANDERS FIELDS

On Flanders Fields the sun beams bright,
The silver moon looks down at night,
And clustered stars from heaven shine
Upon the long-drawn battle line,
From darkness to eternal Light!

The little mounds and crosses white,
From lowly vale to mountain height,
Have marked this place a holy shrine,
On Flanders Fields!

Tho pulseless here they won the fight,
In that great battle for the right,
And now their souls in peace recline
And rest in that Great Heart-of-Mine,
While curtain falls without affright,
On Flanders Fields!

HOW TO WIN THE WAR

Woodie and Teddie and Josephus and Newtie,
All to your places to do your full duty;
A long pull, a strong pull, a pull altogether;
A long pull, a strong pull, in all sorts o' weather;
Thigh to thigh and shoulder to shoulder,
With one great heave to move the big Boulder,
A little here and a little there,
And this is how to win the war.

Let every young farmer remain on the farm,
And every fair maiden retain her sweet charm;
Let every skilled artisan stay at his post,
And not one unit of labor be lost;
Each working together and working for all,
Listening attentively to the great call,
With hope hung to the Guiding Star,
And this is how to win the war.

No high, no low, no great, no small,
But room enough for each and all;
Getting together, staying together,
Kneeling together, praying together,
Hoping together, trying together,
Living together, dying together,
Both one and all, and near and far,
And this is how to win the war.

And when peace is declared and all men are free,
And hope is restored on land and on sea;
When all Nations kneel at one common bier,
And each Nation 'rise with a shout and a cheer
To tell of its flag and the deeds it's done,
Of the battles fought and the victories won,
And again and again repeat the old, old story,
Not among the least 'll be our own Old Glory!

THE FLAG

The silken banner gently floating in the breeze
And swiftly flying from the mast-tops on the seas,
Is but the faintest symbol of that nameless flag,
That fires the prancing steed and stirs the jaded nag;
That thrills the souls of men to dare to do great deeds,
And soothes the pallid lips and binds the heart that bleeds;
That moves Armies on the land and Navies on the sea,
And in the breast of man plants hope of victory.

The symbol's seen by eye and felt by finger tips,
The flag's the wondrous Hope of the Apocalypse.
The symbol is the shadow soon to fade away,
The flag is lasting as the stars in the milky way.
The symbol's like the stupid figure on the board,
The flag's the living Rock, the great unspoken Word.
The symbol's oft suspended from a gilded pole,
The flag is deeply rooted in the human soul.
The symbol's brightly colored red and white and blue,
The flag reflects the spirit of God in me and you.
The symbol may be rent and perish on the sod,
The flag is sealed forever in the heart of God.

The flag is like a blessed angel sent from God,
Within her secret breast to bear His treasured Word,
And in her folded arms to bring the souls of men,
And on her gilded wings to take them back again.

It spreads its sacred folds out over land and sea,
And covers country, mother, home and liberty.
Its strips of red and white and starry field of blue
Is the only hope we have to make our dreams come true.

Wave on, wave on, wave on, brave Flag, on land and sea,
Wave on until "the world is safe for Democracy!"
Wave on, wave on, wave on, wave on, Old Glory, wave!
Wave on until each tyrant's in his lowly grave.

The Last Words of Funston
or
"HOW DELIGHTFUL IT IS!"

How delightful it is to do one's duty well;
How delightful it is in the House of God to dwell.

How delightful it is, like Sheridan on his ride,
With a heart full of hope, to swim to the Other side.

How delightful it is, at Country's call,
To put on the armor and fight for all.

How delightful it is, in foreign land,
To uphold the flag and for Justice stand.

How delightful it is to slip out of the sod,
And on the wings of music fly to God.

Listening to the orchestra playing a beautiful waltz in the hotel where he was stopping in San Antonio, Texas, General Funston, speaking to a little girl nearby, said, "How delightful it is!" and then expired, these being his last words.

MY BUDDIE ON THE MARNE

O, don't you lay your hand on him,
E'en tho his clothes a little muddy;
He may be full up to the brim,
But he's my buddie, he's my buddie, he's my buddie!

We stood together on the Marne,
And we'll stand together now;
And then we didn't give a darn,
And now we'll show you how!

O, don't you lay your hand on him,
E'en tho his visage may be ruddy,
And his old hat may have no brim,
But he's my buddie, he's my buddie, he's my buddie!

We fought together on the Marne,
And we'll fight together now;
And then we didn't give a darn,
And now we'll show you how!

O, don't you lay your hand on him,
E'en tho his nerve's a bit unsteady;
He may be rough and gaunt and grim,
But he's my buddie, he's my buddie, he's my buddie!

We bled together on the Marne,
And we'll bleed together now;
And then we didn't give a darn,
And now we'll show you how!

O, don't you lay your hand on him,
E'en tho his eyes aglint and bloody;
O, God, you know not where he's been!
But he's my buddie, he's my buddie, he's my buddie!

We died together on the Marne,
And we'll die together now;
And then we didn't give a darn,
And now we'll show you how!

O LET ME SLEEP RIGHT WHERE I FELL

O let me sleep right where I fell,
Beside my comrades in the dell,
  Where last our weary feet did plod,
  Out where the blushing poppies nod
And softly whisper, "All is well!"

A peace that casts a hallowed spell
O'er Death and Life and Hope as well,
  Now binds me fast beneath this clod,
    O let me sleep!

Until I hear the parting knell,
And feel the Great Heart throb and swell,
  Let be my shield this tufted sod,
  Let be my safe protector, God,
With whom at last my soul shall dwell,
    O let me sleep!

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Ah! who shall write his history?
  And who shall tell his story?
And who shall name his victory?
  And who shall mark his glory?

He served no master but himself,
  And used the chast'ning rod;
He feared no party, power nor pelf,
  His only Conqueror, God.

Of all great men in this great age,
  In God's most wondrous plan,
He stands as warrior, seer and sage,
  The Great American.

OUR PRESIDENT

[WOODROW WILSON]

By King and Prince and Potentate,
He measures to them all;
In wonder, Nations small and great,
Are list'ning to his call.

He went away across the sea
In answer to a cry;
The world was b'reft of liberty,
And only death was nigh.

He bore the olive branch of peace
To friend and foe alike,
And bade the hurtful strife to cease,
Forbade the blow to strike.

On Ship of State he sailed away,
With snow white flag unfurled
And at the helm he stands today,
The Hope of all the world.

ON BATTLE FIELDS

I love to stroll on battle fields.
No other place to me appeals
Like this. Anon, I hope to share
The envied lot of those out there,
Before whose shrine the world e'er kneels.

O, how my heart with rapture feels
The coursing pulse of Him who seals
The fate of all with loving care,
On battle fields!

Tho stars are hid and thunder peals
No more, and earth no longer reels
In space, and sun and moon and air
Now disappear, I know not where,
Still God to me His love reveals,
On battle fields!

CHRISTMAS IN OLD JUDÆA

In Old Judæa a child was born
Of a virgin in the early morn,
In a lonely manger, cold and dim,
In the little town of Bethlehem,
When the world was dark and all forlorn.

And the wise men, then weary worn
With heavy burden bravely borne,
Came from the East to be with them,
In Old Judæa.

In spite of hate and priestly scorn,
With robes of truth they did adorn
This child of God and Seraphim.
His soul was filled with love of Him,
Then to a wicked world unknown,
In Old Judæa.

IF GOD BE WITH THE KAISER

If God be with the Prussian might,
Then white is black and black is white.

If God be with the Prussian crown,
The world's inside out and upside down.

If God be with the Prussian arm,
Let Satan smile, Delilah charm!

If God be with the Prussian mind,
Then Hate is Love and Love is blind.

If God be with the Prussian heart,
May battles rage and Peace depart!

If God be with the Prussian soul,
Then Hope is crushed from pole to pole.

If God be with the Prussian host,
Then liberty's forever lost.

If God be with the Prussian king,
Let green-eyed vipers hiss and sing!

Be not deceived; God is not mocked,
Altho aggrieved and sorely shocked
At a poor, vile worm of the earth,
(A cripple from the day of his birth),
To attribute to Him dark crimes so grim
That the devil himself 's ashamed of them!

I came not to bring Peace, but a sword!
Thy will be done, Almighty Lord!

This poem was written during the war, but was never published because it referred to the crippled arm of the Kaiser and is only published now for its literary merit, the author believing that the Kaiser will have enough to answer for without his being upbraided for his affliction.

FORGET YOURSELF

Forget yourself and be a man,
And do for country all you can
In time of need and deep distress;
Stand up and work and ne'er confess
You are a laggard in the van.

Throw out your line the world to span,
The good of all to be your plan;
With heart and mind of nobleness,
Forget yourself.

Now come and join the caravan,
With arms of brawn and face of tan,
And all together onward press,
And leave to God to judge and bless
Alike each true American,
Forget yourself.

THE NEW YEAR

Jer. 48:17

The old year's flown as our tears have fled,
And the New Year brings us hope;
We bury our past as we bury our dead,
On the sunny side of the slope.

We sow and reap the wheat and chaff,
As on and up we plod,
And lo! behold the broken staff!
And lo! the beautiful rod!

JOSIAH LAMBORN

Josiah Lamborn was Abe Lincoln's friend,
In legal combat oft they strove,
But when the heated strife was at an end,
Each pledged his friendship and his love.

Here lies his bones in this neglected spot,
Beneath the bramble and the brier;
His friendships gone, his virtues all forgot,
E'en tho his soul a flame of fire.

Great Lincoln sweetly sleeps in marble hall
'Neath shaft of granite pointing high;
Who knows but in that Highest Court of All,
Poor Lamborn's spirit's hovering nigh?

The shapeless tomb with neither mold nor graft,
Wherein his formless body lies,
Is more enduring than the granite shaft,
Majestic, towering to the skies!

Mr. Lamborn was Attorney-General of Illinois from 1840 to 1843 and died in 1847 at the age of 37 years and is buried in an old abandoned cemetery at White Hall, Illinois.

LABOR DAY

The right to labor is Divine,
And given its own reward,
Its pay is more than gold refined,
Its joy is of the Lord.

To earn thy bread by sweat of face,
Ordained of God himself,
Is sweeter far and more of grace,
Than piles of paltry pelf.

And he who works and he who pays,
Should each be just and true,
In looking forward to the days
When each his task is through.

But he who hordes a mass of wealth,
To save his idle breed
From work and strife and joy of health,
Is weak and poor, indeed!

He soon from cares and wealth must part,
And lie beneath the sod;
With clouded mind and shriveled heart,
Must answer to his God.

The joy of service well performed
Is known to only One;
It starts when perfect plan is formed,
And ends when work is done.

And now again on Labor Day,
We pledge our strength to work,
And never cease to laugh and play,
And ne'er our duty shirk.

We stand as ONE, erect and strong,
With hammer in our hand,
To help the weary world along,
And bless our happy land.

The Rainbow and the Rose

THE RAINBOW AND THE ROSE

I sometimes doubt there is a God,
When well I know that all who live must die,
And then at last my eye-lids close;
But when I see the rainbow in the sky,
And behold the blossom of the rose,
'Tis then I know there is a God.

I sometimes doubt there is a God,
When winds of hate and clouds of scorn
draw nigh,
And fast my stricken soul inclose;
But when I see the rainbow in the sky,
And listen to the rustle of the rose,
'Tis then I know there is a God.

I sometimes doubt there is a God,
When friends forget and thoughtless pass
me by,
And break my heart for passing shows;
But when I see the rainbow in the sky,
And sip the nectar of the rose,
'Tis then I know there is a God.

I sometimes doubt there is a God,
When all is lost in sloth and gone awry,
And I my tortured soul expose;
But when I see the rainbow in the sky,
And pluck the petal from the rose,
'Tis then I know there is a God.

I sometimes doubt there is a God,
When hope withdraws and leaves my soul
to sigh,
And doubt inthralls me in its throes;
But when I see the rainbow in the sky,
And scent the perfume of the rose,
'Tis then I know there is a God.

NO AND YES

If Old Temptation comes along
To lure you to his show
With his deceit and artful song,
Say no, say NO, say NO!

If old Dame Fashion passes by
To take you to her show,
With waist down low and skirt up high,
Say no, say NO, say NO!

If Wileful Pleasure bid you come
To his big circus show,
To see the clown and beat the drum,
Say no, say NO, say NO!

But if Shy Youth makes love to you
And gives you sweet caress,
And if you know his heart beats true,
Say yes, say YES, say YES!

And when you're in your cottage home
And both your love confess,
If little strangers want to come,
Say yes, say YES, say YES!

And when St. Peter bids you in
His holy hand to press,
To wash away your guilty sin,
Say yes, say YES, say YES!

EMANCIPATION DAY

Four million slaves, at once set free,
With neither friend, nor land, nor sea,
Nor place to stand or lay their head,
(E'en slavery's scanty freedom sped),
Is the world's greatest tragedy.

Helpess they fell upon their knee,
And looking upward prayerfully,
In hope and trust were gently led,
Four million slaves!

The blooming flower and fruited tree,
Sprang up from roots of slavery,
And in profusion 'round them spread,
With earth beneath and sun o'erhead,
God's pledge that ne'er again there'll be
Four million slaves!

DR. A. W. FOREMAN

[PERSONAL]

My dear old friend, of long ago,
May I peep in and say "Hello!"
And ask you how you've been these years
Whilst traveling through this vale of tears
On your long journey here below?

How passed the hours, for weal or woe?
And how the years that seemed to go
So fast, with endless hopes and fears,
My dear old friend?

And how the setting sun and glow
Of morning's early dawn and flow
Of streams of light from heavenly spheres
Fill now your soul with blissful cheers
And benedictions on you bestow,
My dear old friend?

The above poem was written as a tribute to Dr. A. W. Foreman, of White Hall, Illinois, on his eightieth birthday anniversary. Dr. Foreman is a physician and scholar of high character, and much beloved in his community.

CARUSO

His golden voice is silent now.
His winsome smile and lighted brow,
And manly form no more we'll see,
But his great soul from earth set free,
Is still to us his pledge and vow.

No gallant knight excelled his prow,
Nor pluméd bird on bending bough
Surpassed in tender melody,
His golden voice.

He scaled the lofty heights, and how
His master spirit did avow
In splendor his supremacy
In all the songs of majesty
And power that so richly did endow,
His golden voice!

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MISSOURIAN

By Henry Polk Lowenstein

I ain't no King, nor Prince, nor Duke,
But jist a plain Missouri Puke,
Who loves his frien's and sich as that
An' pets his dog an' strokes his cat
An' shies away at ev'ry spook!

An' all day long jist like a fluke,
I set an' pull my ole chibouque,
An' lay aroun' an' loaf an' chat,
I ain't no King!

An' then at night without rebuke,
I read from Matthew, Mark an' Luke,
An' nearly all the rest, an' pat
My wife an' hug an' kiss the brat,
An' lay aside my ole peruke,
I ain't no King!

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR

Henry Polk Lowenstein was born March 14, 1859, on the Burgess Witt farm on Coker Creek in Monroe County, Tennessee, fourteen miles south of Tellico Plains, and while yet a babe in his mother's arms his parents moved to Murray County, Georgia, and located on the Dr. George W. Brown plantation, one mile east of Upper King's bridge, now called Beaverdale, on the Conesauga River, fifteen miles northeast of Dalton, where they remained until 1869, when they went to Washington County, Arkansas. There they lived until 1872, when they temporarily moved to St. Martha, a mile and a half south of Pierce City, Missouri, where they remained until 1873, when they permanently moved to Greene County, Illinois, first locating at Wilmington (now Patterson), where they remained until 1877, when they moved to White Hall in the same county. Here they remained until their death several years ago.

His mother's family name is Ghormley. He has many relatives of that name in the South and particularly in Tennessee.

Prior to his going to Illinois Mr. Lowenstein had always been on a farm, and while he attended subscription schools a few months in the year in Georgia and Arkansas, his education mainly began by attending the common school at Patterson and the high school at White Hall. He studied law in an office in White Hall, and was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court in 1881. He first located at Roodhouse, Illinois, but soon afterwards returned to White Hall. In 1884 he lived for a short time at Ottawa, Kansas, but returned again to White Hall. In 1886 he located in Kansas City, Missouri, where he has remained ever since, except a few months in 1892, when he lived in Memphis, Tennessee. He has made real estate law a specialty, and is regarded as authority in that branch of the law.

He has been married twice, and has one child by his first wife, Henry Polk Lowenstein, Jr., who is also a lawyer, and was Lieutenant (J. G.) in the navy during the war. His first wife, Rebecca C. Dempsey, of Danville, Indiana, died July 7, 1900. On June 25, 1907, he married Mrs. Belle Van Natta Dom of Kansas City, formerly of Burlingame, Kansas, an artist of no mean ability.

He has always been a student of literature, and especially verse, but he never wrote poetry for publication until after the beginning of the World War. Since then he has published many short poems, usually in rondeau form, which have received wide newspaper and magazine publication. Among these is his best known poem, an "Answer" to "In Flanders Fields," by the late Lieut. Col. John McCrae, author of the original poem by that title, and which is regarded as the greatest poem produced during the war. Mr. Lowenstein has received favorable acknowledgment of this poem from George V, King of England, Albert, King of Belgium, President Poincare of France, and many notable persons in this country. Mr. Lowenstein is a Blue Lodge, Chapter, Council and Scottish Rite Mason, and belongs to the Mystic Shrine, having a life membership in all those bodies.

For a more extended sketch of his life see the Centennial History of Missouri, 1820-1921, by Walter B. Stevens.

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